

# Spring is Magical

By Karen Gersonde

Spring is a magical time in Wisconsin.  
Life emerges from the deep sleep of winter.  
With the last traces of snow on the ground,  
Early wildflowers start to push their  
Sleepy heads above the ground.  
A welcoming sight, a sight to behold.  
Trout lilies, trilliums and wood violets  
All pop up to say, "Hello."  
Ice is waning on the frozen lakes.  
The waters open up and boats begin to venture out.  
Fishermen are eager to get out and catch their "Prize."  
Animals can be seen on the shores,  
Lapping up water that is cold and clean,  
A refreshing drink for them.  
People once again walk the shores.  
They are happy it is spring and anticipate  
The summer that is to come.  
Seagulls soar above the waves,  
Looking for lunch, dinner or whatever they can find.  
Spring in Wisconsin! There is nothing like it.  
Nothing can compare.